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CONSEQUENCES;

OR,

THE SCHOOL FOR PREJUDICE.

A COMEDY,

OF THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES, WORCESTER, WOLVERHAMPTON, AND SHREWSBURY.

By E. J. EYRE,

AUTHOR OF THE DREAMER AWAKE; AND THE MAID OF NORMANDY; OR, THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN OF FRANCE, &C.

LATE OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

FRONTI NULLA FIDES.

LONDON:

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1794.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Crusty, - - -	*Mr. Gill.*
Simple, - - -	*Mr. Blandford.*
Finis, - - -	*Mr. Smith.*
Dr. Leech, - -	*Mr. Weston.*
Arabick, - - -	*Mr. Roberts.*
Sir Marvellous Aspect, -	*Mr. Fowler.*
Harry Aspect, - -	*Mr. Toms.*
Acute, - - -	*Mr. Miell.*
Miss Melville, - -	*Mrs. Edwards.*
Chatter, - - -	*Mrs. Eyre.*
Anna Maria, - -	*Mrs. Colls.*

SCENE—*London, and at Crusty's Seat, near Croydon.*

CON-

CONSEQUENCES;

OR,

THE SCHOOL FOR PREJUDICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*St. James's-ſtreet.*

Enter HARRY ASPECT.

SO, my long expected happineſs is at laſt deſtroyed. My father has diſcarded me, and Miſs Melville's expoſed to the capricious humours of Sir Marvellous, whoſe ridiculous partiality to the ſtudy of phyſiognomy, has rendered him morooſe, ſuſpicious, and unjuſt. How many, in my ſituation, would bewail their miſerable condition with tears and ſighs!—ſpout blank verſe—beat their agitated boſoms—utter a thouſand interjections, ſuch as, alas! ah me! and oh!—then run raving mad! Now my reaſon, if any I have, whiſpers me, that ſuch a plan is mighty ſilly—run mad, and die! No, no, I'll live; extricate Miſs Melville from the difficulties which ſurround her, ſhame my father from the application of his favourite ſcience, and remove the veil of prejudice which clouds his underſtanding.

Enter ACUTE.

Well, Acute, I muſt at laſt diſmiſs you from my ſervice.

ACUTE.

I am ſorry for that, Sir, on two accounts: firſt, becauſe it deprives me of a very good maſter; and, ſecondly, which is of much greater conſequence, deprives you of a very good ſervant.

HARRY.

Have you taken leave of the family yet?

ACUTE.

Yes, Sir; and have ſpoiled two white handkerchiefs by drying up my tears. After packing up my trunk, I walked into the ſervants' hall, where the whole family of females were aſſembled. No ſooner had I entered, but they all clung round me, like a brood of chickens: and muſt you go, cries Chatter, my Lady's maid, then heaved a ſigh, and walked away. Oh, ſtay, my ſweet Acute! exclaimed Dolly, the cook, who, lifting up a ladle, went—to baſte a gooſe! Even Nan, the greaſy ſcullion, who had been waſhing of an unclean diſh, clapſed me in her arms; and, whilſt the big, round drops of heat chaſed one another down her greaſy noſe, ſhe fainted on the ground! Diſtracted at the ſight, with ſpeed I flew towards the door; lifted up the latch; opened, then cloſed it with a thundering clap, ſad omen of my wretched mind! Alas! forgive me, Sir; my griefs have almoſt made me poetical!

HARRY.

So it appears; for there is neither rhyme or reaſon in any thing you ſay.

ACUTE

ACUTE.

Now, Sir, as we are alone, may I aſk the cauſe of your father's ill behaviour to you?

HARRY.

Though Sir Marvellous Aſpect has, indeed, treated me with ſeverity, yet, as my father, I will not have you ſpeak of him with levity: his cruelty can never warrant my diſobedience.

ACUTE.

You are the only gentleman, I believe, who, under ſuch embarraſſment, could talk about your difficulties with the philoſophy of patient indifference. Were I the ſon of ſuch a father, I would invent a ſcore of thundering damme's.—Tread on his toes when he had the gout; be as ſaucy as an hackney-coachman on a rainy day; and, if bluſtering failed, I would pump out a few tears.

HARRY.

The tears of a man are deſpicable, for they are, too commonly, the reſource of hypocriſy. The humid ſighs, indeed, of woman, ſpringing from the genuine fountain of the heart, ſhew like the pure and cryſtal ſtream of innocence.

ACUTE.

Your grief, I think, has made *you* poetical;—but do, Sir, acquaint me with each particular circumſtance of your fortune. My advice, on the occaſion, may be of ſervice. You are not the only great man in diſgrace who, to be replaced in power, has condeſcended to cringe, and court the intereſt of an inferior.

HARRY.

A ſervant boaſt of intereſt? Ha! ha!

ACUTE.

I am but a ſervant it is true; but, when you reflect how many men of rank, are running after places, I hope, you will admit me to your confidence. The title of ſervant is not to be ridiculed—nay, it is frequently found to grace the higher ſtations of life: As for inſtance; what is your alderman, but an hungry *livery*-man? What your dancing-maſter, but a nimble *foot*-man? Your ſighing lover, an *humble* ſervant; Your lawyer, one employed in dirty work; a curate, a Jeruſalem poſt-boy; a courtier, an attendant in waiting; and your patriot, a poor, honeſt, diſcarded ſervant, in a worn-out livery, too unfaſhionable to be hired.

HARRY.

If the knowledge of my preſent concerns can by any means quicken your invention, I will fully relate them to you.

ACUTE.

Your condeſcenſion does me honour, and I will liſten to you with the important gravity of a judge.

HARRY.

My father, who, in the early period of his life, had been deceived in his expectations of a ſuppoſed friend, now wholly regulates his judgment from the ſyſtems of Lavater. Influenced by thoſe rules, he has declared, after a minute examination of my countenance, that my noſe is an emblem of iniquity; and finally pronounces that I am born for treaſons, ſtratagems, and murders!

ACUTE

ACUTE.

A very happy diſcovery for a father to make! he could have ſaid no more had you been a Member of the preſent National Convention.

HARRY.

In vain I remonſtrated with him upon the injuſtice of his remark—Told him repeatedly, however, unfavourable my phyſiognomy might be, he was certainly too haſty in his deciſion. That treaſons, ſtratagems, and murders, were not the growth of England; whoſe ſubjects, as the lineal deſcendants of the ancient Britons, were ever eminently diſtinguiſhed for their loyal attachment to their King and Country.

ACUTE.

Had I, Sir, been the father of a ſon who had uttered ſo ſpirited a ſentiment, I would have uncorked ſix bottles; drank bumpers of Maderia to the proſperity of England, and ſent you to bed as drunk as an Iriſhman.

HARRY.

At length, bigoted to his opinion, and after condemning every feature of my face, he commanded me to quit the houſe, and I obeyed.

ACUTE.

So that it might properly be ſaid you withdrew, *quite out of countenance.* But, Miſs Melville—Sir—I beg your pardon for my enquiry—Is there not ſome myſtery in that name! Will you ſatisfy my curioſity?

HARRY.

I will—But what I would communicate is of the greateſt conſequence.

ACUTE.

When once a ſecret is entruſted to my confidence, it is as ſecure as money, lodged in a country-bank; for a man muſt be cunning, indeed, who draws it out of me again.

HARRY.

The ſuppoſed Miſs Melville then, is the amiable daughter of a Mr. Cruſty, who inherits a conſiderable eſtate near Croydon—A viſit into that part of Surrey, brought me acquainted with the charming girl—I had, indeed, ſworn fidelity to twenty others before I encountered her, but ſhe alone fixed my wandering heart.

ACUTE.

Ay, Sir, when I was of your age, and before I married, I did the very ſame—I ſighed at the feet of one—kiſſed the roſy lips of another—adored the ſlender ſymmetry of a third—In fact, I was ſo often wounded by the arrows of the blind boy, that my poor heart was pierced thro' with as many holes as a cullender.

HARRY.

I never heard, 'till now, that you had been married.

ACUTE.

Oh, yes, I have had my ſhare of troubles—I have paſſed that fiery trial.

HARRY.

Where is your wife?

ACUTE.

ACUTE.

Where very few women like to be—at peace. *(pointing to the ground)* But, to return to your ſubject, Sir.

HARRY.

An opportunity one day offered of declaring my paſſion—the interview was of the tendereſt kind. She acquainted me that her father had inſiſted on her marriage with a man whom ſhe had ever looked upon as an object of deteſtation; encouraged by the declaration, I perſuaded her to elope, and placed her in my father's houſe.

ACUTE.

Surely, Sir, that was ſnatching a dove from out the talons of an eagle, to lay it under the gentle paws of a lion?

HARRY.

Previous to her introduction, I imparted our ſcheme to my ſiſter, who, with her uſual good-nature, conſented to receive the fugitive. To avoid detection, ſhe aſſumed the name of Melville—ſix days have now elapſed ſince ſhe came into our family, under pretext of a friendly viſit to Maria.

Enter CHATTER.

Mr. Harry, how do you do? Bleſs me, never had ſo much upon my head—full of buſineſs, quite in a hurry!

HARRY.

You appear out of breath indeed; what has hurried you ſo?

CHATTER.

CHATTER.

Why, I have been in every coffee-room, tavern, and taylor's ſhop, at this end of the town, to look for you—I was once on the point of ſearching the pews of a church; but on recollection I conſidered that men of faſhion never went there—men of taſte want no improvement.

ACUTE.

Mrs. Chatter, I am glad to ſee you.

CHATTER.

Ah, is it you, Acute? But, don't interrupt me, for you ſee, I'm quite in a hurry!

HARRY.

Well, but your buſineſs?

CHATTER.

Ay, there it is: every body is for prying into my little affairs—what I came upon concerns you, Mr. Harry.

HARRY.

Concerns me, do you ſay?

CHATTER.

Dear me, how can you talk to me ſo? Hav'n't three minutes I can call my own—for—I'm quite in a hurry!

HARRY.

I aſk your pardon; but now begin.

CHATTER.

How can you go on ſo faſt? Do you think it poſſible to begin 'till I have opened the matter to you;

you; then, if once I do begin, you will expect the concluſion, and that will take up time, for I'm quite in a hurry!

ACUTE.

You ſeem to be in no great hurry either to begin or finiſh,

CHATTER.

Dear heart! Interrupted again---Your tongue is like a clock, for once wound up, it is always going.

HARRY.

Will you grant me the favor to--*(taking her hand)*

CHATTER.

Grant you a favor?---I deſire that you will keep your diſtance, Mr. Harry.---However, if it is only an innocent kiſs you want---why---but you muſt do it inſtantly---for I'm quite in a hurry!

HARRY.

You miſconceive me; I merely want the favor to be told your errand; your lips, however, are ſo inviting, that there, and there! *(Kiſſing her)*

CHATTER.

Well, now that you have opened the budget, I will tell you its contents.

HARRY.

Have you any meſſage from Miſs Melville?

CHATTER.

Oh, Sir, there's ſad weeping and wailing; Sir Marvellous has diſcovered the whole plot—has learned

learned moreover that Miſs Melville is a cheat; ſo, he has now locked her up, and written to her father, a Mr. Cruſty, quite in a hurry!

HARRY.

Deſtruction to my hopes!—How, or in what manner muſt I act?

CHATTER.

Oh, I had nearly forgot to give you this letter---'tis a wonder I remembered it---for I'm in ſuch a violent hurry! (*Giving him a letter.*)

HARRY.

(*Reading it apart*) "My ſweeteſt and moſt "awful idol!"----a mighty ſtrange and vulgar beginning for a woman of her ſenſibility!----"ſince "you have been moſt cruelly, moſt barbarouſly, "and moſt ſanguineouſly driven from my dim-"pled countenance"—'Sdeath! the girl is either laughing at me, or confinement has deranged her intellects—"I have neither eat—drank—ſlept—"nodded—dozed—dreamt, or ſnored!—Come "to my expecting, ſtretch'd-out arms, thou Ro-"meo of my palpitating heart!—Your's until "death, the captive Juliet."—This letter never can be her writing—ſhe never ſurely—I'll learn the truth.—Well, Mrs. Chatter, I have peruſed the letter with aſtoniſhment and wonder:—the language is ſo elegant, the expreſſions ſo nervous, that—that—upon the whole, I never yet read any thing to equal it.

CHATTER.

You think it then inimitable?

HARRY.

I do, indeed!

CHATTER.

You are pleaſed to compliment.—Miſs Melville has no ſhare of the merit, for I alone am the author.

HARRY.

You?---Impoſſible!---Explain yourſelf.

CHATTER.

Miſs Melville gave me one, with ſtrict charge to deliver it into your own hands.

HARRY.

Where is it then?

CHATTER.

You ſhall hear.—Knowing, from myſelf, that young maidens are not over cautious in their conduct, and fearful that the contents might be improper, I took the liberty to open it—but I did'n't approve of it.

HARRY.

You didn't!

CHATTER.

No; it wasn't half tender enough---there were no flaming darts---nothing about love lies a bleeding---nothing to make you miſerable---ſo, by the help of a little pocket dictionary, I looked out the prettieſt words, and wrote the letter you have ſeen---quite in a hurry!

HARRY.

And a mighty fine one it is.

CHATTER.

Yes, it isn't every one who could have done ſo well---but I have a genius that way---it isn't my

my beſt----I could have written much better---but then---I was quite in a hurry!

HARRY.

What have you done with that Miſs Melville intruſted to your care?

CHATTER.

It's in my pocket, I think, *(ſearching)* I'm in ſuch a hurry---I---I---let me conſider---I didn't burn it, I am ſure.

HARRY.

There you were right---ſearch your other pocket.

CHATTER.

How ſtupid I am!-- Now, I recollect, I left it in my room.

HARRY.

(Impatiently) Run then, my dear creature, and bring it to me this inſtant.

CHATTER.

It would be of little uſe, for I remember I cut it up into ſquare bits of paper to curl my hair.

HARRY.

There, take your own execrable nonſenſe, and ſerve it juſt the ſame.

CHATTER.

Oh, mighty fine truly; what, you're angry that my parts are ſuperior to your runaway Madam's.

HARRY.

Inſolent menial! Begone---I'll have you turn'd out of your place.

CHATTER.

So, this is my reward for being detained ſo long---I'll report your behaviour, *Harry*; I can tell you, *Harry*, that---but I'll not waſte my time in ſuch company---Turn me out of my place indeed!---No, Sir, I'd have you to know I am not to be turn'd out in a hurry. [*Exit.*

HARRY.

Acute, no time is to be loſt; my affairs, you ſee, are deſperate.

ACUTE.

Sir, were your ſituation as intricate as the law, my genius, or invention, ſhould procure a decided victory in your favor.

HARRY.

But how is that to be accompliſhed?

ACUTE.

Be pleaſed, Sir, to adjourn to any tavern, where they make the beſt punch, and invite me to drink a portion of it, and I will, in the diſpatching of a crown-bowl, concert meaſures for our future plan of operation.

HARRY.

I'll follow your advice.

ACUTE.

I muſt alſo have ſomething to expand my ideas; for you may as well expect to draw up water from a pump, without a ſucker, as to think a man's invention, in theſe days, can be ſet afloat, without that neceſſary engine, gold.

HARRY.

HARRY.

Succeed in your endeavours, and you ſhall have no cauſe to murmur at my generoſity; for, may I ſink beneath the exalted title of a man, if once I meanly forget an obligation, or deſpiſe the generous aid that led me to proſperity! [*Exit.*

ACUTE.

I wiſh all thoſe whoſe preſent grandeur and authority aroſe from humble means, would follow the example, and not kick the ladder down by which they once aſcended, *becauſe they have no further occaſion for its uſe.* [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A room in* CRUSTY'S *houſe.*

Enter CRUSTY, *meeting* ARABIC.

CRUSTY.

Any intelligence of my daughter yet?

ARABIC.

None; ſhe's as difficult to be found as X in a cubic equation.

CRUSTY.

Plague of your mathematical alluſions. Hang me, but you were the cauſe of my daughter's flight. Inſtead of addreſſing her in the ſtyle of an amorous lover, you were ever talking of triangles, and circles, and drawing ſome ugly, rhomboidal figure upon your ſlate: it were your curſt perpendiculars which frightened the girl away.

ARABIC.

ARABIC.

I ſhall never forget it—When the news was brought me, I was ſtudiouſly engaged in aſtronomy; the planet, Venus, was the ſubject of my enquiry.

CRUSTY.

There again!—What the devil had you to do with a Venus ſo far beyond your reach? I believe you find your celeſtial Venuſes much like our terreſtrial ones, not eaſily to be gazed out of countenance by every puppy who is pleaſed to ſtare at them through their glaſſes.

ARABIC.

You are pleaſed to be jocular, Sir; but permit me to ſay, that an attention to the mathematics furniſhes the mind with a knowledge of the world.

CRUSTY.

An habitual intercourſe with the manners of mankind, in addition to forty years obſervation and experience, has made me ſufficiently acquainted with the world, without the aſſiſtance of Euclid, algebra, or aſtronomy.

ARABIC.

You miſconceive me, Sir; I meant your perception of the annual and diurnal motion of the earth.

CRUSTY.

Look ye, Mr. Arabic, if the earth chooſes every day to run round with me, I can't ſtop it; and if it takes a fancy to dance the hay round the ſun, it has my free conſent, ſo I am not made ſick or giddy by the motion. Then as to its ſhape—what is it

me whether it has the circular appearance of a tennis-ball, or the ſpheroidical protuberance of a turnip, ſo I can walk upon its ſurface without ſtumbling.

ARABIC.

But ſurely you'll allow that ſtudy is not merely uſeful, but amuſing.

CRUSTY.

More amuſing than profitable. You may talk of your ſquare and your cube-root, but can you extract money from them? No; nor are they half ſo valuable as the Iriſh-root.

ARABIC.

Iriſh-root! What do you mean, Sir?

CRUSTY.

A potatoe to be ſure. Zounds, man, if you wiſh to thrive, ſtudy flattery; cringe to a knave; applaud the conduct of a coward; defend the intrigues of a ſcoundrel; follow, like a dog, the heels of the rich, or thoſe in power. In ſhort, to ſhew your wiſdom, take advantage of every credulous fool.

ARABIC.

Your remark on the injurious neglect of literary abilities, though ludicrouſly defined, is founded upon truth. The baſe and ſelf-admiring coxcomb too frequently is encouraged; whilſt modeſt, though excelling merit, frozen by the chilling blaſt of penury, withers in obſcurity; which, had it but been ripened by the genial warmth of intereſt, might have expanded its fruitful foliage, and yielded the grateful bloſſoms of conſummate genius!

CRUSTY.

CRUSTY.

To be ſerious then, I think your ſarcaſm is rather too ſevere—for ſurely genius can never moulder on the ſhelf of indifference, whilſt a Prince of Great Britain, not only condeſcends to become the Guardian of Literature, but nobly rewards the efforts of ingenuity, by promoting the manufacture of the meaneſt mechanic. Here, Simple.

Enter SIMPLE.

Bring a tankard of my beſt October.

SIMPLE.

I will—but you're plaguy troubleſome. [*Exit.*

ARABICK.

Your ſervant treats you with great familiarity, I think.

CRUSTY.

He's ſtupidly ignorant, but has one quality that is rarely to be found amongſt his wiſer betters.

ARABICK.

What is that, pray?

CRUSTY.

Honeſty. And I verily believe were I ever to commence virtuoſo, he ſhould grace my cabinet of valuable curioſities: for, let me tell you, that, in this age of degeneracy, an honeſt man is the greateſt rarity to be ſeen.

Enter SIMPLE, *with a tankard.*

Why, you blockhead, you hav'n't brought above a pint.

SIMPLE.

No, Sir, but I drew a quart.

CRUSTY.

Where is it then?

SIMPLE.

Why, Sir, the mug was ſo brimful—that—that—

CRUSTY.

That what, Sir?

SIMPLE.

Afraid of ſpilling it over I—I—drank ſome. I can't tell how it happened; but when my mouth was at it, the liquor ran ſo faſt down my throat, it went the wrong way, and I could not eaſily ſtop it. Do you want any thing more?

CRUSTY.

Any thing more? Hav'n't I told you ays to ſtudy conſequences; and what is the con quence of your bringing the beer?

SIMPLE.

That it will be drank, Sir.

CRUSTY.

Why, you blunderer, do I ever ſit down to malt liquor without a pipe of tobacco?

SIMPLE.

Oh, is that it. [*Exit.*

ARABICK.

I have often wondered how you came into the habit of ſmoaking.

CRUSTY.

My wife taught me.

ARABICK.

Your wife!

CRUSTY.

Yes, ſhe had an utter averſion to the ſooty exhalation; ſo that when I was weary of her company, I called for my pipe, and ſent her in a cloud of tobacco, ſmoaking hot, out of the room. But now, young puzzle brains, we'll ſpend a jovial hour together. No more of your mathematics; but leave the ſtars to light the man in the moon to bed.

ARABICK.

I beg to be excuſed; at this moment I feel myſelf inclined——

CRUSTY.

Not to be ſick, I hope.

ARABICK.

No, to go and ſolve a problem in Newton, and read a chapter out of Locke. [*Exit.*

CRUSTY.

Locke? I wiſh you had a padlock faſtened to your mouth! I have no ſettled diſlike to a man of genius; but this I will obſtinately maintain, that rather than form an attachment with a man whoſe whole paſſions are eternally abſorbed in ſtudy, a woman had much better be wedded to a wooden globe!

Enter SIMPLE, *with a lighted pipe in his mouth.*

SIMPLE.

Here's your pipe. *(taking it from his mouth.)*

CRUSTY.

Why, you ſcoundrel, you've been ſmoaking with it.

SIMPLE.

Yes, I've been trying it, and very good tobacco it is.

CRUSTY.

And how dare you——

SIMPLE.

There, you're at it again. Lord, Maſter, how croſs you are to a body! Didn't you order me to conſider conſequences? So, when you called for your pipe, I thought the next thing would be to light it.

CRUSTY.

Well, well.——You may take the beer away, I am not diſpoſed to drink at preſent.

SIMPLE.

Very well, Sir. *(Drinking it.)*

CRUSTY.

What are you about?

SIMPLE.

Taking the beer away. *(ſtill drinking.)*

CRUSTY.

If you give me any more of your impertinence, I'll diſcharge you from my ſervice.

SIM-

SIMPLE.

Why, you told me, Sir, to take the beer away, and not the tankard; and if I hadn't drank it, 'twould have got quite ſtale.

CRUSTY.

Do you think you can deliver a meſſage?

SIMPLE.

If it isn't very long, and crabbed, Sir.

CRUSTY.

Wait, then, on Dr. Leech, the apothecary, and requeſt him to ſtep here as ſoon as poſſible. Surely every demon of vexation finds a pleaſure to torment me. My daughter, out of pure affection, runs away. The man propoſed to be her huſband proves a book-worm, a literary-grub, and is for ever ſquinting at the ſtars! Had I never ventur'd on a wife, I might have lived without care or trouble: but, matrimony, like Pandora's box, is the origin of all our complaints. [*Exit.*

SIMPLE.

Well, for the future, I'll always conſider conſequences. Yes, I'll always be a man of conſequence. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *An apartment at Sir Marvellous Aſpect's.*

MISS MELVILLE, *diſcovered reading.*

(Riſes.) "Whatever is, is right." So ſays Mr. Pope. Now, with humble deference to ſuperior judgment, I think he's wrong; as I can never reconcile that ſentiment to my preſent condition, can he, or any other inſpired poet, pretend to prove that it is right to lock me up; confine me, like ſome deſtructive beaſt of prey, and preclude me from the ſocial enjoyment of a friend. Can any man, or woman (admitting that the man is not an old bachelor, or that the woman is not a maid, verging on three-ſcore) attempt to argue on the juſtice of being denied the deareſt privilege the heart can boaſt, that of chooſing a deſerving object as an inſeparable partner of our future fortune: one who would properly eſtimate the value of female worth, and, with affectionate aſſiduity, relieve, if not remove, thoſe heart-afflicting cares, which, too often, are the weariſome companions of domeſtic life. *(Reading again.)* "Whatever is, is right." Indeed, Mr. Pope, I would not ſubſcribe to your opinion, though you were the Pope of Rome.

Enter ANNA MARIA, *having unlocked the door.*

I am ſorry, my kind friend, to ſee you in the degrading office of a turnkey.

ANNA.

ANNA.

Well, my dear, that is much better than a turn-coat, who forſakes the party he eſpouſed. I wiſh I was your jailer, for then the pretty bird would ſpeedily be releaſed.

MISS MELVILLE.

Is Chatter yet returned?

ANNA.

I believe not. What, you expect a letter from my brother, to conſole you for the abſence of his perſon.

MISS MELVILLE.

Your brother has every qualification which can gratify the ſight, or captivate the mind. His manners, modeſt, and unoffending.

ANNA.

Yes, when he is ſober.

MISS MELVILLE.

Sparkling eyes.

ANNA.

Certainly—when exhilirated, and fluſhed with wine.

MISS MELVILLE.

Excellent teeth.

ANNA.

My lap-dog has better.

MISS MELVILLE.

Come, come, this ſatyrical merriment is but diſſembled. Now, tell me, have you never yet

ex-

experienced the powerful influence of the little Cupid?

ANNA.

I have more diſcretion than to be governed by a *boy*, I aſſure you. Beſides, Cupid is repreſented blind, and people in love generally loſe their eye-ſight; therefore, if the blind lead the blind, they may chance to fall into a pit.

MISS MELVILLE.

Come, you muſt confeſs, that you have had many ſuitors.

ANNA.

True; but not one that ſuited my fancy. The firſt was a ſoldier; as brave an Officer as ever commanded the Staffordſhire militia; and ſo true a lover of his country, that not even the glorious proſpect of renown, could ever prevail upon him to quit his native land.

MISS MELVILLE.

What other recommendations had this ſon of Mars? Would he have made a good huſband? Was he a domeſtic ſort of man?

ANNA.

Very domeſtic—for he could not bear the thoughts of going *abroad*.

MISS MELVILLE.

You ſoon ſurrendered then?

ANNA.

Surrender to an officer! not I, indeed; I'd as leave be courted by a blunderbuſs.

MISS

MISS MELVILLE.

There are but few ladies, of my acquaintance, but are pleaſed with the gentlemen of the army.

ANNA.

That's ſtrange—for none but children ſure would play with *pop-guns*.

MISS MELVILLE.

How can you ſeriouſly ridicule the military proweſs of thoſe brave heroes fighting in the general cauſe of murdered innocence?

ANNA.

The laugh of ſatire, my dear, is pointed at thoſe who do *not* fight—directed at thoſe pretty jeſſamy's who purchaſe into the army with no other deſign than that of diſplaying their own ſcented perſons on the parade; who never fire a gun but to wound a partridge; wage war with nothing but decency and good ſenſe, and whoſe only conqueſt is—the agonizing heart-ach of a ruined girl!

MISS MELVILLE.

There are, indeed, too many who anſwer that deſcription.

ANNA.

Such characters, diſfigured in ſcarlet-coats, remind me of an old woman, wrapped in a red-cloak, who, thus equipped, moſt heroically frightens, and diſperſes a formidable hoſt——of turkey-cocks, ha, ha, ha.

MISS MELVILLE.

You ought, in juſtice, to reſtrain your cenſure; in juſtice to thoſe many eminent commanders who have

have voluntarily fought in the defence of injur'd monarchy!

ANNA.

My dear, Miſs Melville, I feel a pride in owning to you, that ſo far from treating the title of a *real* ſoldier with contempt; I am, by mutual exchange of vows, eſpouſed, in promiſe, to an officer of the name of Frederick, now ſerving with his company on the frontiers of France.

MISS MELVILLE.

Does not the uncertain chance of war awaken every alarming fear?

ANNA.

The ſeparation, I muſt frankly confeſs, occaſioned many a rending-ſigh, but the glory of the purſuit leſſened, in ſome degree, the dangerous hazard of the enterprize—and ſhould my Frederick fall in battle, I ſhall ſtill conſole myſelf with the reflection, that the tears of pity which are ſhed upon his grave will ſo moiſten the branch of laurel, which adorns his memory, that it will never fade, but flouriſh round his tomb.

MISS MELVILLE.

Before you entered I had read a few verſes, which, for their beauty and elegance, contain the higheſt compliment to the manes of departed heroiſm—With your leave I will recite them.

[*Taking a book and reading them.*

" How ſleep the brave, who ſink to reſt
" By all their country's wiſhes bleſs'd?
" When ſpring, with dewy fingers cold,
" Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,

" She

" She then ſhall dreſs a ſweeter ſod,
" Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
" By Fairy hands their Knell is rung,
" By Forms unſeen their Dirge is ſun g
" There Honour comes a Pilgrim grey,
" To bleſs the turf that wraps their clay;
" And Freedom ſhall awhile repair,
" To dwell a weeping Hermit there."*

MISS MELVILLE.

But come, let us change the ſubject, and reſume your accuſtomed vivacity. You were ſo happy in your deſcription of the Militia Captain, you cannot oblige me better than by concluding your obſervations of the reſt.

ANNA.

The taſk you impoſe upon me is not ſo difficult, as only one remains, Sir Bluſter O'Swagger—One, who was for ever boaſting of his genealogy—Of his ſkill as a duelliſt.—This Iriſh fortune-hunter (for ſuch I ſoon diſcovered him to be) ſwore by his tutelary ſaint, that he loved me to deſperation; and, in the true Hibernian dialect, told me *(imitating the brogue)* that to prevent all diſputes after marriage, he would draw up articles of ſeparation the moment we came to live together! ha, ha, ha!

Enter CHATTER.

CHATTER.

I am glad you are both together—never was ſo inſulted ſince I commenced lady's maid—I can ſcarcely ſpeak in ſuch a rage—and ſuch a violent hurry!

* The words by Mr. Collins, in 1746.

MISS

MISS MELVILLE.

You have met with no accident, I hope.

CHATTER.

Have you your ſalts about you, Madam? *(ſits down)* I ſhall be much better after I have fainted—there—there—there—I'm gone—quite in a hurry! *(ſinks motionleſs in the chair.)*

ANNA.

See, ſhe recovers.

CHATTER.

What a relief! how elegant it is to a delicate mind to ſink motionleſs in a chair. A cook, or common chamber maid, would have ſtormed and raged—whilſt I—fell into a fainting languor—Don't you think that fainting becomes me, Madam.

ANNA.

Very much, Chatter; for then, and only then, you allow your tongue a momentary ſuſpenſe of ſpeech.

MISS MELVILLE.

But, Mrs. Chatter, what ſaid my dear Harry to the receipt of the letter?

CHATTER.

Why, Madam, he ſaid, it was the vileſt ſtuff he ever read—told me to paper my hair with it—and threw it at me quite in a hurry.

ANNA.

Have a care, girl, how you dare traduce the conduct of my brother.

CHATTER.

CHATTER.

Oh! Madam, are you thereabouts? If you treat me in that manner, I am gone—no intreaties—I'll not ſtay—ſo, Madam, I'm off—quite in a hurry. *(running out)*

MISS MELVILLE.

How can my Henry treat me with contempt, and cruelly neglect me in diſtreſs?

ANNA.

Nay, do not wrong the honor of my brother. The doors are ſo vigilantly guarded to prevent your eſcape, or, I would myſelf wait upon him, but for the fear of cauſing a diſtruſt. Retire into the interior apartment whilſt I am ſearching out the cauſe of Chatter's extraordinary conduct.

MISS MELVILLE.

How can I ſufficiently repay your kindneſs? But do you not think the danger of delay——

ANNA.

Never fear—delay, like water, ſprinkled upon fire, brightens the flame at laſt, and makes it burn ten times the clearer—

[*Exeunt ſeparately.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* CRUSTY'S *Houſe.*

Enter CRUSTY.

I wiſh the apothecary would come—my friend, Leech, is as ſlow in his motions as in the cure of his patients—he is ſure, however, for he either kills or cures. Strange I ſhould employ him then!—but I always loved deſperate experiments, or, egad, I never

I never ſhould have married—that was an event, indeed, which terminated happily; for my wife, being much too good for this world below, her company was deſired above ſtairs, and ſhe left me a widower ſix years after the bleſſed union. When ſhe was buried, poor ſoul, I was deeply affected; I wept and cry'd for two long months—my friends reaſoned with me—'tis in vain, ſaid they, to lament ſo bitterly, for ſhe is gone and never can return—'tis that alone, I replied, obliges me to indulge theſe tears, for they flow—*(weeping)*—flow—flow—for joy. *(laughing)*

Enter LEECH.

Dr. Leech, your ſervant—I began to give you over.

LEECH.

Did you, Sir? I had much rather you ſhould do that than a phyſician—Hygiea, preſerve me, but you look very poorly.

CRUSTY.

Do you ſuppoſe there is any phyſical comfort in being told ſo?

LEECH.

Perhaps not—you are not very ill, I preſume?

CRUSTY.

No, a little indiſpoſed, that's all.

LEECH.

I wiſh you were worſe with all ſoul—nay, I ſhou'd not grieve to ſee you on your death bed.

CRUSTY.

CRUSTY.

So, here I ſend to conſult you on the preſervation of my health, and you immediately preſcribe dying, as a ſpecifick, I ſuppoſe, againſt all future illneſs.

LEECH.

I meant not to offend—I wiſhed you worſe, it is true; but from no other idea than of exerting my ſkill to ſave you. *(Bowing)*.

CRUSTY.

Oh, my conſiderate, Sir!—Any news abroad?

LEECH.

None, but that a notorious quack is arrived, and vending his noſtrums to the injury of—

CRUSTY.

Your pocket and practice, hey, doctor! Join your intereſt and take him into partnerſhip.

LEECH.

Partnerſhip! Sir, my dignity is injured by the aſperſion—quacks indeed! they are as dangerous in a country village as epidemic-fevers—body ſcavengers—

CRUSTY.

Who cleanſe the conſtitution of your foul medicines.

LEECH.

Fellows who prey upon the follies of mankind—

CRUSTY.

Get more than thoſe who *pray for the follies of mankind.*

LEECH.

Advertiſing to give their advice gratis.

CRUSTY.

Ay, there is the rub—that proves beyond a doubt, their total ignorance of the *principal art* of your profeſſion, for who ever heard of a phyſician, ſurgeon, or apothecary, who adminiſtered their advice without a fee?

LEECH.

I deny the charge—for don't I, myſelf, attend the poor of our pariſh for nothing?

CRUSTY.

True, for you do them no manner of good.

LEECH.

He has inſulted my character, ſo I'll vex him and retaliate. *(aſide)*. Pray, Sir, may I aſk if you have heard of your fugitive daughter?

CRUSTY.

No, ſhe's gone exploring foreſts, and by this time is the Diana of the woods, beſmearing herſelf with mud, perhaps, to diſappoint the attempts of Arabic, her daring Alpheus!

LEECH.

Your mode of education was too violent an aſtringent—moderate indulgence is a gentle aperient, and may be allowed without danger of any criminal looſeneſs. But, bleſs me, I have exceeded my time, and having a numerous liſt of invalids I muſt leave you for the preſent, as I never neglect my patients. *(going)* I beg pardon—but I had nearly forgot—

CRUSTY.

CRUSTY.

To feel my pulſe? *(Leech feels his pulſe)* well, can you make a job of it?

LEECH.

Vaſtly low—a nervous affection—I would recommend you to lie down upon that ſofa and compoſe yourſelf, and I'll ſend you a mixture, and to-morrow I ſhall pay my reſpects to you—I'll teaze the old gentleman with medicines, for his abuſive attack on my profeſſional ability. *(aſide).*

[*Exit.*

CRUSTY.

The doctor's converſation has operated like one of his ſoporifick draughts; *(yawning)* he's an admirable compoſer, almoſt equal to parſon Snorum, the latter preaches patience, and the former puts it to the teſt. Now as every thing is quiet, I'll endeavour to take a nap. *(lies on the ſopha and falls faſt a-ſleep).*

Enter FINIS.

Very ſtrange that I can ſee no creature of the family to ſpeak with—I wonder who is dead in this houſe—as I came in I met the Doctor on the ſteps, who, having ſent his work home, called, I ſuppoſe, for the payment of his bill.—Shroud me from the ſight of ghoſts, but this muſt be the perſon I am ſent to meaſure for his coffin; *(looking at Cruſty)* he looks vaſtly well for a dead man—not the pleaſanteſt countenance—as ſour as death's head upon a grave-ſtone—died ſuddenly—how very awful is ſuch a ſcene!—who can view it with inſenſibility—damn it, where have I put my rule? *(meaſuring the body and whiſtling all the time).* A

ſleep like this is no jeſting matter, 'tis too ſerious to be ridiculed—well, my old boy, I'll make you a great coat—I'll ſcrew you up tight in it, and if it don't fit you I'll give you liberty to ſcold me. Ha! ha! [*Exit ſinging, and drops his rule.*

CRUSTY.

(Riſing). I'm in a cold ſweat!—I'd but juſt dropp'd into a doſe when I was awakened by an unknown voice; and a fellow, without any ceremony, meaſures me from head to foot—ſaid he would ſcrew me up tight in a great coat—compared me to death's-head upon a mop-ſtick.—*(a noiſe without)* He's coming again to abuſe the reſt of my features—egad, I'll watch him. What's here, a rule? you ſhall go in there to keep my ſnuff-box company—*(putting it into his coat-pocket)*—a great coat, indeed. Zounds, if I am to be ſo continually frightened, I ſhall ſhortly run mad, and want a ſtrait-waiſtcoat, I believe. *(lies down)*

Re-enter FINIS.

Surely, I muſt have left my rule here, for I cannot find it in my pockets---Mum, there, *(pointing to Cruſty)* could not have ſtolen it.---I have a great mind to rob that dead ſubject of his watch ---he can have no further occaſion for a pocket clock, as time and he have quarrel'd and diſſolved partnerſhip---If I ſhould be diſcovered tho'? Pſhaw, that's impoſſible!---I never yet heard of a ghoſt appearing to give evidence at the bar; tho' I have been told an *evil ſpirit* has been ſeen amongſt a Bench of *Magiſtrates*, ſo that *Juſtice* has been *frightened out of Court. (Searching for the watch).* Here I have it! *(pulling it out)* it ſeems to mourn the

the loſs of its owner, for it ſtands, I think---no, it's only too faſt---don't go *exactly* right. *(putting it into his fob).*

CRUSTY.

(In a hollow tone of voice). Give me my watch!

FINIS.

What's that? O dear! I ſhall ſoon be dead myſelf! That voice was certainly a warning. O, pitiful! I ſhall ſhortly be motionleſs—ſhan't ſtir hand or foot! *(Trembling exceedingly.)* But the voice might proceed from the next apartment; ay, ſome one has liſtened; yes, yes, I have been *doubly watched.* *(Walks to the front of the ſtage; Cruſty riſing, and following him unſeen.)* Where can I have drop'd my rule? Who can have got it?

CRUSTY.

Mum, here! *(Stretching his head over the ſhoulder of Finis.)*

FINIS.

Oh, ſave me! ſave me! If you'll but lie down, and be dead, I'll bury you for nothing. *(Kneeling.)*

CRUSTY.

Bury me! What can the villain mean? Do you think I am fond of *earth-bathing*, that you want to bury me alive.

FINIS.

(Riſing.) Alive? Bleſs me, Sir, I thought you were a dead member.

CRUSTY.

Who, and what the devil do you call yourſelf?

FINIS.

My name is—Finis——

CRUSTY.

Ay, you look like the end of a diſmal chapter.

FINIS.

Journeyman to Sable, the undertaker.

CRUSTY.

So, you're one of death's journeymen taylors. Pray how came I by the honour of this viſit?

FINIS.

Your ſervant bade me call.

CRUSTY.

I'll ſoon learn the truth, for here he comes.

Enter SIMPLE, *with his clothes muddy.*

Where have you been loitering all this time? The horſe you rode upon has been home this half hour.

SIMPLE.

Yes, I left her on the road—no—no—ſhe left *me* on the road.

CRUSTY.

Explain yourſelf.

SIMPLE.

Why, you muſt know, as I was ſinging "My lodging is on the cold ground," the guard of the mail-coach blue his *tin-horn*, which ſo amazed old Grizzle, our mare, that ſhe began kicking up a dance to the tune, and ſoon laid me ſprawling in a ditch. The fellow with the horn did nothing but

jeer

jeer me; ſo I told him to get along, not like a red, but a black-guard, as he was.

CRUSTY.

You ſoon ſilenced him.

SIMPLE.

Yes, but when I was on my feet again, if that hard-hearted toad didn't laugh at me.

CRUSTY.

Who? the coachman, or the guard?

SIMPLE.

No, Grizzle; for ſhe neighed, and that I take to be a horſe's grin. I axed her how ſhe could make game of me? Grizzle, ſays I, how can you uſe me thus, after the buſhels of oats that I have given to you. I that have curry-comb'd your hide, and docked your tail. I then went to mount, but the damn'd trumpet went again, and away went Grizzle!

CRUSTY.

'Tis well its no worſe. But where have you been?

SIMPLE.

I firſt went to diſpatch Mr. Leech; then knocked at Dr. Arſenick's; after that, on Sable, the coffin-monger.

CRUSTY

Who ſent you to the two laſt places?

SIMPLE.

You, yourſelf.

CRUSTY.

How dare you utter ſuch a falſehood?

SIMPLE.

La, what a quarrelſome man you be! You're in your tantrums again. Didn't you order me to ſtudy conſequences?

CRUSTY.

Well, what of that?

SIMPLE.

A great deal—for when you ſent me for the apothecary, I thought the conſequence would be a phyſician; and if a phyſician doctors you, you're ſure to be given over; and then, oh dear, the conſequence is an undertaker.

CRUSTY.

So, I find, I am indebted for this friendly viſit to the miſtakes of my blundering footman. *(To Finis.)*

SIMPLE.

Conſequences! I'm ſure now-a-days, the conſequence of hard ſervice is hard work, and harder maſters. [*Exit.*

CRUSTY.

Now, what excuſe can your wooden genius invent for your daring attempt to rob me of my watch?

FINIS.

What can I anſwer? *(Aſide.)* Why, Sir, I really meant to have——

CRUSTY.

CRUSTY.

Kept it?

FINIS.

I did, Sir, and ſo payed the executors for it.

CRUSTY.

So, to prove your credit to be good, you took it upon *tick*. But—*(in a violent paſſion)* you raſcal, I'll have you hanged!

FINIS.

Pray, Sir, be pacifyed!

CRUSTY.

Nothing ſhall prevail upon me.—To jail you go—then to the gallows, where you ſhall hang like a ſeal upon a watch-chain. A fellow I never ſaw before too!

FINIS.

Pardon me, Sir, but I buried your wife.

CRUSTY.

(Quite calm.) Did you? Then I forgive you. Gratitude demands I ſhould. One good turn deſerves another.

FINIS.

I thank you, Sir; and may I preſume to hope that when you die I may conduct your funeral. For, I aſſure you, no one will be happier than myſelf to be employed on the occaſion. *(Going.)*

CRUSTY.

(Stopping him.) My watch, if you pleaſe.

FINIS.

FINIS.

(Giving it.) There, Sir. I'll never wear a *ſtop*-watch again, as long as I live. *(Aſide and Exit.)*

Enter SIMPLE.

Here's a letter for you, Sir.

CRUSTY.

(Reading it to himſelf.) Huzza! I have found my daughter! Here in this letter—

SIMPLE.

What's your daughter in that letter?

CRUSTY.

Peace, blockhead. A friend here informs me ſhe is now in London, at the houſe of——but why do I talk the time away. Order the carriage—ſaddle your horſe. I'll ſet out on the purſuit directly.

SIMPLE.

What ſo late in the day—'tis ſuch a way there, and back again; conſider, as you ſay to me, the conſequences!

CRUSTY.

Oh, curſe your conſequences! No reply, but do as I command. Oh, if I can but catch her, I'll—ay, I'll feed her on mouldy cruſts, and nettle-broth—ſhe ſhall drink ſalt-water as a purifier of the blood—I'll confine her in a garret where I preſerve my onions, and nobody ſhall viſit her but *myſelf*—No, ſhe ſhan't ſee a *human* creature for theſe two years. [*Exit.*

SIMPLE.

SIMPLE.

So, I muſt ride upon Grizzle again—pretty ſport truly to get another tumble. Ecod, as ſhe firſt threw me into a ditch, ſhe may now take a fancy to toſs me into the river. What, then, will become of Dolly, my poor wife? I can't ſwim—then the conſequence is I muſt ſink. Well, many a better man can't keep his head above water. I ſhall never hear the ſound of a horn without thinking of my own misfortune: No, I never ſhall be able to get that curſt horn out of my head. [*Exit.*

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A library at* SIR MARVELLOUS ASPECT'S.

SIR MARVELLOUS *discovered contemplating a buſt.*

There's a countenance!—Viewed either in front or profile, it is equally correct. *(Anna Maria enters unobſerved.)* The forehead, eyes, noſe, and mouth are each of them ſo many ſymbols of the cardinal virtues.

ANNA.

What, at your favourite ſcience?

Sir MARV.

Aye, ſuch a ſcience too! a ſcience which teaches you to diſtinguiſh, by the external ſuperficies, the internal properties of the mind---a ſort of beacon to direct the judgement---Study phyſiognomy, and you'll never be deceived.

ANNA.

Are you ſure of that?

Sir MARV.

An axiom beyond diſpute. By my practice I have had the pleaſure of diſcovering all the foibles of my friends, and even the vices of my deareſt relatives.—'Twas but laſt week now that I found out Biſhop Bluſter to be a downright latitudinarian; I drew my concluſion from the immenſe breadth of his noſtrils.—I knew Alderman Wallop, at firſt

ſight,

ſight, to be a ravenous glutton, by the extended aperture of his mouth.

ANNA.

But would it not be more conducive to the harmony of ſociety, if, inſtead of analizing the principles of our neighbours, we were firſt to ſearch into the receſſes of our own hearts, and turn out each unworthy tenant?

Sir MARV.

I wiſh I could prevail upon you to make ſo great a ſcience your ſerious ſtudy. There---take this into your hands---*(Putting a wooden buſt into her hands)* Look at it with rapture! The great eyes, and large bony noſe, denote ſtability of wiſdom! —Quite a fixed countenance.

ANNA.

Yes, it don't appear to move a muſcle---But, my dear Sir, I find little pleaſure in a ſenſeleſs object----I am for life and motion!----*(Throwing it down.)*

Sir MARV.

How dare you, Madam, treat your father in this wanton manner? *(Picking it up)* There, there, you have done it----defaced the nobleſt model---- deſtroyed the proportion of the features---O dear! where ſhall I get ſuch another head as this again? Such another is not to be found.

ANNA.

Only place me in a certain great aſſembly of this kingdom, and I'll anſwer to furniſh you with fifty of ſuch *wooden* heads.

Sir MARV.

I tell you that it was the buſt of the late King of Pruſſia.

ANNA.

I have a ſmall picture in my poſſeſſion, of much greater value; the miniature of George the Third: and to ſhew the ineſtimable worth of ſo good a Sovereign, it is ſet in gold; *(ſhewing him a guinea)* What do you think of it?

Sir MARV.

(Taking it) Oh, I was always partial to the phyſiognomy of a guinea----*(putting it into his pocket)* it has ſo pleaſing a countenance!

ANNA.

I ſincerely wiſh that every true and loyal ſubject may have plenty of them in their pockets, whilſt the merits of the original are ſtamped upon their hearts.

Enter CHATTER.

CHATTER.

There's a countryman below, Sir, deſires to ſpeak with you---he muſt ſee you directly---for he's quite in a hurry.

Sir MARV.

Shew him here.

CHATTER.

It ſhall be done, Sir; for I'll ſend him up to you quite in a hurry. *Exit.*

ANNA.

ANNA.

You may have private buſineſs with the ſtranger, therefore I'll withdraw.

Sir MARV.

Do ſo----and, do you hear?----acquaint Miſs Melville I have juſt received a letter from her father, Mr. Cruſty, who tells me I may expect to ſee him this very afternoon.

ANNA.

Pardon me, Sir, but I cannot be the meſſenger of ill news; for though it may not always be in my power to aſſiſt a friend, it ſhall never be my inclination to increaſe diſtreſs.

Sir MARV.

I always thought her a diſobedient girl, from the general formation of her features. Begone, and leave me alone.

ANNA.

Alone! Why hav'n't you the King of Pruſſia as your companion? The buſt is damaged to be ſure; but there is no great difference in either of your heads, as the one *(pointing to the broken buſt)* is broken, and the other *(pointing to Sir* MARV.*)* cracked! Ha! ha! [*Exit.*

Sir MARV.

There's impudence! Oh, but I'll ſhortly tame her, for I'll marry her---to an Iriſhman. But, zounds, 'tis impoſſible to ſubdue their ſpirit--- Women are like oil---for compound them with whatever you pleaſe, yet ſtill it is their nature to riſe to the top!

Enter

Enter ACUTE, *diſguiſed as a countryman.*

Well, my friend, what do you want?

ACUTE.

Money!

Sir MARV.

Then want is like to be your maſter.

ACUTE.

No, I want you to be my maſter.

Sir MARV.

Oh, I underſtand---you are come after my place.

ACUTE.

No, I am come after your ſervant's place.

Sir MARV.

Where did you live laſt?

ACUTE.

Here, on this ſpot.

Sir MARV.

A ſtrange fellow this! *(aſide)* I fancy, Sirrah, you are not far removed from a knave.

ACUTE.

I am nearer to a fool, your Honor *(approaching Sir* MARV.)

Sir MARV.

Did you leave a good character behind you?

ACUTE.

No, I brought it along with me. *(Giving a letter.)*

Sir MARV.

Who was your late maſter?

ACUTE.

Mr. Quibble, the lawyer.

Sir MARV.

How came you to leave him?

ACUTE.

I didn't leave him; for he got into debt, ran away, and left me alone in a large houſe, to live, like a ſtarved rat, upon nothing but rolls.

Sir MARV.

Rolls! and very good eating too!

ACUTE.

Aye, but they were not buttered rolls---but rolls---of parchment.

Sir MARV.

I don't know what to make of this fellow.

ACUTE.

No! why make me your ſervant.

Sir MARV.

What is your name?

ACUTE.

Phiz, your Honor.

Sir MARV.

Hy? how? what? Phiz? I like that name; 'tis nearly related to phyſiognomy.

ACUTE.

What, do you ſay that I am related to Phizgomony?

Sir MARV.

You are allied to phyſiognomy.

ACUTE.

No, you're wrong; I have no relations of that name.

Sir MARV.

Ay, now I look attentively on him, I can readily diſcern acuteneſs in his eyes.

ACUTE.

Yes, I am *acute*, indeed.

Sir MARV.

The retreating chin---projecting forehead---protuberant noſe---all, all beſpeak the character of honeſty, ſimplicity, and unſhaken fidelity.

ACUTE.

Ay, your honour, I have more in me than you would ſuſpect.

Sir MARV.

I know it---I know it---thanks to the myſterious ſcience, I have, at laſt, by a thorough knowledge of the art, procured the very man on whoſe confidence I can ſafely rely---Oh, what a happineſs it is, never to be deceived! his firſt ſervice of importance ſhall be to wait upon Miſs Melville to prevent her flight——egad, I am ſo pleaſed, that I'll go and read Lavater's chapter upon cheek-bones---pen an epiſtle to him; and as a proof of my

my eſteem for ſo great an author, I'll preſent him with a gold medallion of the—no, he ſhall have a more valuable preſent—for I'll give him---ay, I'll ſend him this fellow's ſymbolical head---yes, my honeſt Phiz, you ſhall be hung up in Lavater's ſtudy. [*Exit.*

ACUTE.

Hang me up? Vaſtly obliged to you for the honour, but had much rather be excuſed---fond as I may be of preferment, hanging is a kind of exaltation I always wiſh to leave for my betters. A ſnug poſt of office is a mighty pretty thing to be ſure; but the gallows, is a poſt, I ſhould never like to *depend upon*, as you can never live by it. So, I have got into the houſe, and my next attempt muſt be to get Miſs Melville out of it. Only think of the old fellow's falling in love with my face---I never knew, 'till now, that my countenance was ſo very attractive---egad, as King Dick ſays,

" Since I have grown in favour with myſelf,
" I will maintain it at no little coſt---
" Shine out fair ſun, 'till I ſalute my glaſs,
" That I may view my ſhadow as I paſs!"

Oh, if I was but a gentleman, what a noiſe I would make in the world. I would, in the firſt place, raiſe a regiment for the ſervice of my country, on condition though of being promoted to the rank of Colonel, for the benefit of myſelf and friends. Then I would game high, play at cards, play at cricket, play at bowls, play at billiards, play on the fiddle, play on the ſtage, play with women; in ſhort, I would play the very devil. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Miss Melville's *room, as in Act II. Scene. I.*

Miss Melville *ſeated on a ſopha.*

Heigh-ho! Another ſolitary hour has paſſed without receiving intelligence of my friend, Maria. Short as my confinement has been, it has taught me to prize the gift of liberty, a moſt ineſtimable treaſure bequeathed us by our anceſtors, as a peculiar bleſſing to the Engliſh nation. Irkſome as my preſent impriſonment appears, what are my difficulties compared to thoſe of others? Ah, what muſt be the complicated miſery of thoſe beings, who once nurs'd in the boſom of grandeur, and bred up in the lap of luxury—now torn from every comfort by the perſecuting malice of their enemies, vent their unheeded ſorrows in a dungeon!

Enter Anna Maria.

Welcome, my dear Girl; well, what news?

Anna.

Here, I have ſomething for you; what do you ſuppoſe it to be?

Miss Melville.

I ſhould hope, a letter.

Anna. (*Holding a letter up.*)

" Heav'n firſt taught letters for ſome wretch's aid,
" Some baniſh'd lover, or ſome captive maid."

(*Giving the letter.*)

Miss

MISS MELVILLE.

(Reading.) How's this? only liſten: "My ſervant, in diſguiſe, is juſt hired, as I expected, into "the ſervice of my father; you will eaſily foreſee "the event. I have another ſcheme alſo, which I "cannot diſcloſe for want of time; but you will "ſhortly be releaſed, and under the protection of "your affectionate, Harry Aſpect." Oh, Maria, do not you anticipate my approaching happineſs? and will not you accompany me in my flight?

ANNA.

I will; for, at the worſt, they can but call me a *flighty* girl.

MISS MELVILLE.

Come, this is no time for jeſt, but action. Therefore be ſo kind to defer your mirth, and help me to prepare for my eſcape.

ANNA.

Well, my dear, at your requeſt I will poſtpone my merriment till a future day; yes, I'll reſerve my whole ſtock till twelve months after your marriage; as, by that time, the honey-moon will be completely over, and you will be ſo truly melancholy, that you'll ſtand in need of my vivacity.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Hall.*

Enter Sir MARVELLOUS.

Now I have reſigned Miſs Melville into the care of Phiz, I can reſume my ſtudies with a collected mind. People may laugh, and call phyſiognomy a ſpeculative ſcience; but the face of a man is a book

ſo legibly written, that none but a fool would find a difficulty to read it. The countenance, I ſay, is the grand regiſter of nature; the repoſitory of vice and virtue.

Enter CHATTER *haſtily.*

What brings you here?

CHATTER.

Oh, Sir, I came quite in a hurry.

Sir MARV.

I ſee you did—what then?

CHATTER.

There's a gentleman, Sir, ſays he has particular buſineſs with you.

Sir MARV.

What kind of a perſon is he?

CHATTER.

Odd enough, Sir; he has a noſe ſo long, that it looks like a barber's pole.

Sir MARV.

A large noſe, did you ſay? That's a ſufficient introduction. He muſt be ſome great man; conduct him here directly; be quick!

CHATTER.

Yes, Sir, I'll be very quick. Dear heart, how I am always hurried. [*Exit.*

Sir MARV.

That wench is like a poſtman, always in a violent hurry. Who can this ſtranger be? No matter who he is; as from my general acquaint-

ance

anee with the human features, I never was, nor ever can be the dupe of the artful ſchemer.

Enter CHATTER, *introducing* HARRY ASPECT, *diſguiſed by a perruque, and a large falſe noſe.*

CHATTER.

Here's the Gentleman, Sir. Well, I am ſure I ſhan't ſee ſuch another noſe in a hurry! [*Exit.*

Sir MARV.

My ſervant, Sir, informed me that you had private buſineſs with me.

HARRY.

(In a feigned voice.) I am told, Sir, that you are a great admirer of Lavater, who I have the honour to call my couſin.

Sir MARV.

Ay, a German one, I ſuppoſe. Zounds! what a noſe! Its like the proboſcis of an elephant!

HARRY.

An Engliſh Gentleman, with whom I lived upon the moſt friendly terms abroad, acquainted us with your character, and extenſive knowledge. I am therefore ſent, deputed by my couſin, to pay our joint reſpects to you.

Sir MARV.

Oh, Sir! *(bowing.)* There's an honour; comes from Germany on purpoſe to pay a morning's viſit to me! Pray, Sir, be ſeated *(both ſit)*. Oh, Sir, I cannot expreſs the pleaſure I enjoy, when I view that amazng organ of ſcent, the prominence on your face!

HARRY.

You muſt know, that when a youth, it was flat as any negro's; but, by a ſcheme we have in Germany, it was brought to the beautiful perfection you now ſee.

Sir MARY.

Indeed! and how, how did you manage it?

HARRY.

What the deuce ſhall I ſay? *(aſide.)* Why, Sir, he—my couſin—Lavater—uſed—to—beat me twice a day——

Sir MARY.

Well, but what effect could that have?

HARRY.

Oh, Sir, the effect was almoſt incredible: of courſe it made me weep—and—ſo—ſo——

Sir MARY.

What? what? *(with great impatience.)*

HARRY.

The tears nouriſhed the roots——

Sir MARY.

That's mighty ſtrange! for I was in the habit of beating my ſon every hour in the day, and yet his noſe is as diminutive as a fat cherubim's in a country church.

HARRY.

Ay, but in addition to this plan, he'd work me up into a—moſt violent rage; ſo that this noſe of mine

mine may not improperly be called the ebullition of my fury.

Sir MARV.

Why, Sir, when my wife was alive, I was in a conſtant paſſion from morning till night, and yet I am not ſo nobly gifted.

HARRY.

That is but one cauſe: you ſhould have been beaten likewiſe.

Sir MARV.

I was, and by *her* too!

HARRY.

With your leave, Sir, I'll try the experiment, and convince you of the truth. *(Riſing and caning him.)*

Sir MARV.

Hey, what the devil are you at?

HARRY.

Now you're in a noble paſſion! *(ſtill caning him.)* There you ſee cauſe and effect! Now your noſtrils diſtend—Don't you already feel your noſe begining to enlarge?

Sir MARV.

No, damme, I can feel nothing but your cane! Oh, curſe your German cuſtoms! *(aſide.)*

HARRY.

You don't appear to like it, therefore I'll deſiſt. You juſt now mentioned your ſon—where is he, Sir?

Sir

Sir MARV.

I beg you will not name him.

HARRY.

Your reaſons, Sir?

Sir MARV.

Why, Sir, his whole countenance is a magazine of combuſtible vices. He is much about your ſtature—not very unlike you about the eyes; but then his noſe bears no more reſemblance to yours than a pocket-piſtol does to a culverin. I dare ſay that at this very moment he is plotting miſchief to deceive me. But, come, no more of him, let us now converſe upon our favourite ſcience.

HARRY.

Certainly.—Hem! Hem! *(Pompouſly.)* The ſureſt guide to develope the paſſions is that cartilaginous excreſcence, the noſe. The noſe, you muſt know, is the emunctory—the huſband of the brain—a kind of—a ſort of—an obeliſk—a direction-poſt. The eyes are—the—garret-windows of the mind—and the mouth is the paſſage, the portal, the hall-door, the grand entrance to the whole ſtructure.

Sir MARV.

A truly philoſophical explanation.

HARRY.

He'll be aſking ſome queſtion that may betray me; therefore I'd beſt retire in time *(aſide)*. I am ſorry, Sir, that an appointment elſewhere, obliges me to leave you ſo haſtily *(going)*.

Sir

Sir MARV.

I intreat, Sir, that whilſt you remain in England that you'll make my houſe your home.

HARRY.

Sir, you are vaſtly good.

Sir MARV.

And when you write to Germany, remember me to your couſin.

HARRY.

Sir, your moſt obedient. Well, old gentleman, I think I have led you finely by the noſe. (*Aſide and Exit.*)

Sir MARV.

Oh, what a countenance he has! Were I the father of ſuch a ſon, I ſhould prize him beyond my wealth! I'll go and announce his arrival in the public prints: I'll employ a couple of artiſts to draw his picture. Then if he ſhould die before me—I'll preſerve his noſe—embalm it, like an Egyptian mummy. For, oh, ſuch a noſe is of more worth than an empire. [*Exit.*

Enter CRUSTY, *followed by* SIMPLE.

CRUSTY.

Turn the carriage round, and come to me directly. (*Exit Simple.*) I'll go and make enquiry, for I can ſee no one here. This houſe is as thin of people as a church, and as empty as a poor's box.

[*Exit*

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[*Exit*

Enter

Enter CHATTER *running.*

Sir Marvel! Sir Marvel!

Enter Sir MARVELLOUS.

Sir MARV.

What's the matter that you bawl ſo?

CHATTER.

Oh, Sir, the poor gentleman that left you——

Sir MARV.

What of him? ſpeak, girl.

CHATTER.

Oh, poor ſoul, he has loſt his noſe.

Sir MARV.

The wench is mad!

No, Sir, I am not: coming up ſtairs quite in a hurry, I kicked ſomething before me; ſo I ſtooped to pick it up—and what ſhould it be but the poor creature's noſe. *(Pulling it out of her pocket.)* Oh, what will his unfortunate face do without it?

Sir MARV.

(Looking at it with ſurpriſe.) Oh, I ſee I am deceived. I have been a credulous dupe; that raſcal, my ſon, was the impoſtor.

CHATTER.

An impoſtor! Then I certainly met one of his companions, who, as I came in, bruſhed by me quite in a hurry---here comes the very man I mean.

Sir MARV.

Let us retire and watch him. *(Both retire).*

Enter CRUSTY.

They tell me Sir Marvellous is within---ſo, I ſhall have a ſhort refreſhment, and then take away Miſs Cruſty——

CHATTER.

(Aſide to Sir Marvellous) There, Sir, you find he's going to run off with her quite in a hurry.

Sir MARV.

(Aſide to Chatter). Do you watch the apartment where ſhe is confined.

[*Exit* CHATTER.

CRUSTY.

(Seeing Sir Marvellous). Oh! yonder's the ſteward, I ſuppoſe, Friend, will you tell me where Miſs Melville is, and I'll give you ſomething for your trouble.

Sir MARV.

(Aſide). 'Tis as Chatter ſuſpected---thinking me one of the domeſticks he wants to bribe me.

CRUSTY.

Did you hear me?

Sir MARV.

How are all friends in Germany?

CRUSTY.

Germany!

Sir

Sir MARV.

Ay, how does your couſin, Lavater?

CRUSTY.

The fellow's drunk.

Sir MARV.

If he hasn't thraſhed you lately, I will.

CRUSTY.

What the Devil do you mean?

Sir MARV.

I'll cane you---and ſoon put your noſe out of joint.

CRUSTY.

Zounds, and fury! I am ſo mad that---

Sir MARV.

That you're diſcovered, hey! why you ſcheming raſcal, the moment I looked in your face I could ſee the rogue in it.

CRUSTY.

Then, you ſcoundrel, my face is a looking glaſs ---but ſhew me to Miſs Melville, or I'll break the bridge of *your* noſe.

Enter SIMPLE.

SIMPLE.

What the plague are you at here, Mr. Cruſty?

Sir MARV.

(Aſtoniſhed). Cruſty!---I really aſk your pardon, Sir.

CRUSTY.

CRUSTY.

What you know me now, and think to ſoften my reſentment---but it won't do---I'll tell your maſter of you, and have you kicked out of the houſe.

Enter CHATTER.

Oh, Sir Marvel!

CRUSTY.

Sir, who?

CHATTER.

Sir Marvellous Aſpect.

CRUSTY.

A mighty ſilly figure I cut!

SIMPLE.

Ay, you would come from home and expoſe yourſelf, tho' I told you what the conſequences would be.

Sir MARV.

Mr. Cruſty, there's been a mutual miſtake, and I aſk your pardon.

CRUSTY.

The ſame apology is neceſſary on my part---but where is my daughter?

Sir MARV.

Did you ſee that ſhe was ſafe? *(to Chatter).*

CHATTER.

Yes, Sir, I ſaw her ſtanding by the window with a calaſh upon her head.

CRUSTY.

CRUSTY.

My man ſhall help to bring her---if that young woman will direct him to the room.

CHATTER.

That I will---come along, man, I'll ſhew you to the door in a hurry. [*Exit. with* SIMPLE.

CRUSTY.

I am ſure, Sir Marvel, I am many thanks in your debt for your care of my undutiful daughter.

Sir MARV.

I beg you will not mention it---Oh, yonder ſhe is coming---they let her out the back way, I ſuppoſe. (*Looking on the left hand*).

CRUSTY.

(*Looking out on the right hand ſide*). Ay, here ſhe is, indeed!

[*Enter on the right hand,* ACUTE, *dreſſed as a woman, with a cloak and calaſh on, and kneels to* CRUSTY; *at the ſame inſtant,* *Miſs* MELVILLE *enters on the oppoſite ſide, kneeling to Sir* MARVELLOUS, *and, by ſigns, is begging him to intercede in her behalf*].

CRUSTY.

(*To* ACUTE). What, you're humbled now? Ay, you may well hide your face and bluſh.

Sir MARV.

(*To Miſs* MELVILLE). All intreaty is in vain---your father will not forgive you, for all your fretting.

CRUSTY.

CRUSTY.

For one that frets, ſhe has grown a bouncer---a pretty thing for a lady of your delicacy---*(*ACUTE *drops the calaſh upon his ſhoulders and riſes)*---who, in the name of witchcraft, have we here?

Sir MARV.

Who, but the pretty, tender, delicate, Miſs Melville.

CRUSTY.

(Looking ſtill at ACUTE*)*. This my daughter? No, no, this muſt be ſome great grand-mother to an Iriſh giant!

Sir MARV.

Sir, I tell you that it is your---

CRUSTY.

Zounds, inſulted again! *(both turning round in a rage, find out their error)*. If I may truſt my eyes, without ſpectacles, *you* are my daughter. *(to Miſs* MELVILLE*)*.

MISS MELVILLE.

Yes, I am, indeed, your child!---That child, who amidſt the ſeverity of her fate, ſtill with a daughter's zeal reveres her father. *(Kneeling)*.

SIR MARV.

(To ACUTE*)*. And if I had even ſpectacles *on* my noſe, curſe me if I could tell who that ſtrapping trolloping ſlut can be!

ACUTE.

(Curtſying). I am Miſs Phiz, your honor.

Sir MARV.

I ſee my error, I have made myſelf ridiculous!

Enter ANNA, MARIA, *followed by* HARRY.

ANNA.

You have indeed, my dear Papa---be reconciled to my brother, and inſtead of contemplating the noſe of a man, make a ſurer guide your ſtudy, ---the heart.

Sir MARV.

Henry, I forgive you; and, as a proof that I am aſhamed of my former prejudice, I'll burn the Eſſays of Lavater.

HARRY.

Avoid, my dear Sir, running from one extreme into another---my deſign has not been to *ridicule* the literary labours of an ingenious writer, but merely to expoſe the folly of a purſuit, which requires a perfection of human knowledge, beyond the prejudice of inclination.

ACUTE.

Now I'll withdraw---(*firſt bowing, then curtſy's*) Who can deny but that I have been as full of ſchemes as a lottery office. [*Exit.*

CRUSTY.

(*To Miſs* MELVILLE). Your preſence has ſubdued my anger---Your ſon, Sir Marvel, I knew in Surry---and with your conſent my daughter and a ſuitable proviſion, are at his ſervice.

Sir MARV.

Mr. Cruſty, I am proud of the connection.

Enter

Enter SIMPLE.

SIMPLE.

A wedding---marriage---umph---I'd have you both think of the conſequences.

HARRY.

(Taking Miſs MELVILLE *by the hand).* Where two hearts are wedded by affection, the torch of Hymen will irradiate the proſpect, and the conſequence of ſuch an union will be---

Sir MARV.

The countenance, I hope, of this company, *(to the audience)* without whoſe ſupport the prejudice of criticiſm will prevail, and *(to* HARRY*)* you will never dare to ſhew your *noſe* again!

FINIS.

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